

Richard J Stanley

'A day in the life'

5.30 AM – Leap out of bed

5.32 AM – Having spent two half awake minutes groggily comprehending the clock I go back to bed grumbling 'It's half bloody five in the morning!'

10.07 AM – Leap out of bed (again), stumble to the bathroom where I remove assorted therapeutic cucumber/sausages from face, wash (not forgetting behind ears!) and then don long johns

10.07.30 AM – Sit down at table to eat to eat cooked bread (toast) topped with marmalade from non other than Paddington Bear's own private reserve. Tell gathered housemates of wonderful dream I had involving the Bank of England and Windfall tax.

10.42 AM – Put on jacket and shoes and then leave house, make way to the bus stop whilst thinking about whether I should invest any further in ducks

11.01 AM – Having got of the bus and onto the underground I sit next to a man dressed as a giant ear of corn who and is wearing a HSBC name badge

11.32 AM – Go topside and visit the Maughan Library where I sit down to read a book about the evolution of frogs

1.42 PM – Having learnt nothing about War from the frog book I leave the library and head to the Strand campus to attend my lecture, picking up a bite to eat (egg nog) on the way

2.01 PM – Sit down for my lecture in my ringside season ticket seat that I paid £900 for. Initially take copious amounts of notes but then concentration drifts and I start drawing menacing robots instead. Scare self slightly.

2.59 PM – Stop to ask lecturer how he could give a two hour lecture on Operation Torch (the Allied invasion of Northern Africa) without even mentioning the more interesting aspects of the evolution from

frog spawn to adolescent, leave college and catch a 24 to Camden Town

3.36 PM – Arrive in Camden and trawl up and down the high street valiantly declining the many offers of ‘ganja’ whilst wearing my velvet cape

4.36 PM – Get on tube and sit next to a lady dressed as a huge slice of lemon who is wearing a Barclay’s name badge

5.26 PM – Arrive home and settle down to watch Neighbours, the Simpsons, Hollyoaks and then sometimes even Channel Four News if I feel I’ve earned a treat. Reprimand gathered housemates for not speaking in sufficiently European accents.

7.31 PM – Proceed to kitchen where I put some pasta on the blend whilst listening to Lauren Laverne’s sweet voice on Xfm

7.50 PM – Sit down in front of TV and watch whatever is on or, if nothing is on worth watching, turn television off and stare at blank screen whilst imagining my own show. Bring self to tears by creating a heartbreaking romance set on an Emu farm near Bristol

9.21 PM – Do washing up and then retire to room where I connect to the interweb so that I may keep up on my correspondence and then chat to (allegedly) hot babes

10.38 PM – Wash teeth, spend time admiring my finely developed ear lobes and then put on my specially craft sleeping robe

10.51 PM – Climb into bed and begin to count chartered accountants in my head before nodding off into a peaceful Inland Revenue related sleep